Bismarck Tribune.

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E. A. WILLIAMS—Lawyer, Third St. Deputy U. S. Attorney.

JOHN A. STOYELL—Lawyer, Fourth St.

H. M. DAVIS—Lawyer and City Justice, Third Street.

THOMAS VAN ETTEN—Lawyer and U. S. Court Commissioner, Main St.

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Bismarck Tribune!

THE

LIVELIEST,

NEWSIEST,

MOST POPULAR

Weekly Paper in the Northwest, will be furnished One Year for

TWO DOLLARS IN ADVANCE,

together with the TRIBUNE'S

CUSTER CHROMO,

a magnificent Chrome-Lithograph of this Popular Cavalry Commander. The Chromo alone is worth the money, and was manufactured specially for the TRIBUNE, at an expense of several hundred dollars, by Strobridge & Co., Cincinnati, the well-known Chromo Publishers.

The TRIBUNE will contain not only all of the news of the day, but the latest and most reliable reports concerning the

BLACK HILLS

AND THE WONDERFUL

GOLD DISCOVERIES!

which have recently been made by Custer's Black Hills expedition in that hitherto unknown region. This is important, as Bismarck is the nearest point to the Black Hills, and will be the point where expeditions will outfit. From Bismarck to the Black Hills there is a direct and well-marked trail, made by the return of Custer's expedition.

The TRIBUNE is the only weekly newspaper in the United States which sent a Special Correspondent with Custer's expedition.

It is the only weekly in the United States which publishes FULL

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES,

giving the LATEST NEWS up to the time of going to press, together with the News of the Week, condensed and put in an

ATTRACTIVE FORM.

The Philadelphia *Ledger*, in speaking of this Popular Newspaper, says:

"The Bismarck TRIBUNE, a weekly newspaper published at Bismarck, Dakota Territory, has just completed its first year's existence. It is a bright and remarkably well-edited sheet, and would compare not unfavorably with many of the more pretentious journals of the Atlantic coast. It is one of the marvels of American journalism, how such a neatly printed and ably conducted news sheet comes from the midst of a territory which a year ago was inhabited only by Indians and wild animals."

All Postmasters and News Agents are authorized to act as our agents, retaining for their services the usual commission.

Subscriptions sent direct should be addressed to the

BISMARCK TRIBUNE COMPANY,
Bismarck D. T.

TELEGRAMS

Reported Specially for the Bismarck Tribune.

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

Congress has adjourned until January fifth.

Gerrett Smith died last Monday morning.

Mrs. Asa B. Hutchinson died of appoplexy last week.

Carpenter is again elected President of the Senate, *pro tem.*

The Hodgeson court-martial has adjourned to New Orleans.

The Katie King spiritualistic fraud has been exposed, and the faithful are not happy.

Private advices from Yankton indicate that the story of the men fortified in the Black Hills is probably true.

Josie Mansfield has recovered $25,000 in her suit against the estate of Jim. Fisk, for the payment of two notes.

The emigrant ship, Cospatrick, was burned off the Cape of Good Hope recently. Four hundred lives were lost. Only three of the crew were saved.

Keys, of the 10th Cavalry, has followed up the Cheyenne train to the north fork of the Canadian, and captured a band of 52 Cheyennes and 70 ponies.

The Pembina bill, rejected last session, has been re-considered and re-committed to the committee on Territories, and the bill is almost sure to become a law.

New Orleans *Times* and *Picayune* do not like the idea of Phil. Sheridan being sent to that section to settle the difficulty, and speak of him in terms not complimentary.

Red Cloud wants to go to Washington, with 40 of his tribe, to settle the trouble in regard to the Black Hills reservation. The motion is denied, from lack of funds.

It is rumored that Gen. Terry will go to New Orleans and assume command of a new department, to embrace the turbulent States. The story is doubted at Dakota Headquarters.

Capt. Gen. Concha has issued orders to officers commanding Spanish troops to deal leniently with captured or surrendered insurgents, but to execute all incendiaries and fillbusters that may be taken.

Later advices indicate that the negroes at Vicksburg were in the right. The President has issued a proclamation commanding the whites to disperse, in accordance with request of the Governor and the action of the Legislature.

Gen. Rosser returned from the east last Tuesday, and represents that a thorough canvas has been made among the members of Congress, and the indications are decidedly favorable for the passage of the Northern Pacific aid bill.

A bill has passed the Senate providing for specie resumption in four years, providing for free banking, and for the withdrawal of greenbacks to the extent of eighty per cent. of the national currency issued by new banks. While the bill appreciates currency, it practically expands it, and so suits everybody.

Sully dispatches report the murder of the mail carrier between Grand River and Standing Rock. Also the return of the company sent to drive the whites out of the Black Hills. They heard of twenty-one men and six teams, but could not overtake them, and were forced to return, forage being exhausted. Secretary Delano again calls on the War Department to bring them out, and there seems to be a disposition to force a respect for the treaty.

The louisiana returning board threw out the vote of several parishes because they alleged the white league forced the negroes, by threats, etc., to vote the democratic ticket. Kellogg's constitutional amendments were carried by about 10,000 majority, and republican State officers declared elected by about 9,000 majority. The democrats and republicans have each three members of Congress, and the Legislature is a tie. McEnery denounces the action as more outrageous than the action of the Lynch boards, which counted Kellogg in, as more infamous than Durrell's midnight order. Warmouth published a card in the *Picayune* which enraged Jewett, of the *Bulletin*, who demanded an abject apology, and subsequently challenged him. Pending the fight, which was to come off on Mondoy, Byerly, of the *Bulletin*, met Warmouth on the street and undertook to cane him. Warmouth stabbed him, from the effects of which he died in a few hours.

General Dot, the American dwarf, died in Paris a few days ago. His coffin was said to be about as large as an ordinary cigar box.

The Boys in Bed.

Whoever has lifted the curtains of boys' alcoves, soon after their inmates have gone to bed, and looked lovingly in, has seen a pretty sight. Generally their faces are lying most restfully, with hand under cheek, and in many cases look strangely younger than when awake, and often very infantile, as if some trick of older expression, which they had been taught to wear by day, had been dropped the moment the young ambitious will had lost control. The lids lie shut over bright, busy eyes; the air is gently and evenly fanned by coming and going breaths; there is a little crooked mound in the bed; along the bed's foot, or on a chair beside, are the day clothes, sometimes neatly folded, sometimes huddled off in a hurry; bulging with balls, or, in the lesser fellows, marbles; stained with the earth of many fields where woodchuck have been trapped, or perhaps torn with the roughness of trees on which squirrels have been sought; perhaps wet and mired with the smooth black or gray mud from marshes, or the oozy banks of streams, where muskrats have been tracked. Under the bed's foot lies the shoes—one on its side—with the gray and white socks, now creased and soiled, thrown across them; and there, in their little cells, squared in the great mass of night, heedless how the world goes, who is thinking of them or what is doing at home, the busiest people in the world are resting for the morrow.

Mr. Cooley's Hat.

When Mr. Cooley came into church last Sunday he placed his new hat just outside the pew in the aisle. Presently Mrs. Pitman entered, and as she proceeded up the aisle her abounding skirts scooped up Mr. Cooley's hat, and rolled it nearly to the pulpit. Cooley pursued his hat with feelings of indignation, and when Mrs. Pitman took her seat he walked back with his hat, brushing it with his sleeve. A few moments later, Mrs. Hopkins came into church, and as Cooley had again placed his hat in the aisle, Mrs. Hopkins' skirts struck it and swept it along about twenty feet, and felt it lying on the carpet in a demoralized condition. Cooley was singing a hymn at the time, and he didn't miss it. But a moment later, when he looked over the end of the pew to see if it was safe, he was furious to percieve that it was gone. He skirmished up the aisle after it again, red in the face, and uttering sentences which were horribly out of place in the sanctuary. However, he put his hat down again, and determined to keep his eye on it, but just as he had turned his head away for a moment Mrs. Smiley came in, and Cooley turned around only in time to see his hat being gathered in under Mrs. Smiley's skirts and carried away by them. He started in pursuit, and just as he did so the hat must have rolled against Mrs. Smiley's ankles, for she gave a jump and screamed right out in church. When her husband asked her what was the matter, she said she thought there must be a dog under her dress, and she gave her skirts a twist. Out rolled Cooley's hat, and Mr. Smiley, being near-sighted, thought it was a dog, and immediateley kicked it so savagely that it flew up into the gallery and lodged on top of the organ. Cooley, perfectly frantic with rage, forgot where he was, and holding his clenched fist under Smiley's nose, he shrieked, "I've half a mind to bust you over the snoot!" Then he flung down his hymn-book and rushed from the church. He went home bare-headed, and the sexton brought his humiliating hat around after dinner. After this Cooley intends to go to Quaker meetings, where he can say his prayers with his hat on his head.—*Max Adeler.*

Danced Into Her Grave.

Paris Correspondent of the Boston Gazette.

A favorite dancer at the Chatelet, having been the recipient of bouquets and billets doux for half the season, was fairly spoiled by her triumphs. On a certain evening she was to dance a pas deux with an Italian girl, a new member of the troupe, who had not shown any particular chorographic skill. On that occasion the Italian seemed inspired. She danced like a sprite, actually gaining more applause than the French girl, who was so overwhelmed with mortification at unexpected defeat in the midst of her triumphs that, toward the close of the ballet, she burst into tears, and suddenly left the stage.

The next afternoon the discomfitted danseuse was found dead in her bed, and the odor of charcoal, when the door of her lodgings was burst open, told the tragic tale. The French woman, it appears, had won away the lover of the Italian, who had resolved to avenge herself by outdancing her successful rival. She had taken private lessons, and practised for weeks, until she felt confident of victory. Her confidence was well based. She danced the pretty Parisian into her grave.

Brain Atmosphere.

A new theory is propounded to explain why one happened to think of persons he has not seen for years just before meeting them. A similar phenomenon often happens when one has impressions of the death of friends, who may be thousands of miles away, and subsequently learn that they died at that particular moment. A writer in the London *Spectator* thinks that there is a brain atmosphere extending through space, more subtile than the air or even the interplanitory ether. As the undulations of the air occasion sound, and the undulations of the ether give the impressions of light, so the undulations of this brain atmosphere may convey impressions between sympathetic minds.

The theory is a very ingenious one, and there are certainly many facts which it will exlain satisfactorily, but these different atmospheres must be curiously constituted, if so many different vibrations moving from so many different directions, do not interfere with one another.

Leading a Cow.

Every woman can tell you that a man can be led easier by putting an arm on his neck than by pulling his hair, but the writer did not know till recently that the reason you can not lead a cow behind a wagon is because she objects to having her horns pulled. The other day a red shirted emigrant passed through on his way to Carroll County. His family and household possessions were in a covered wagon, to the end of which was fastened a cow. Behind was the emigrant, occasionally giving her a smart welt when she hung back. Every now and then she would brace herself and stop the team, then in unclerical language he would beseech her to go on, marking each forceable period with a prod of a sharp stick.

The poor cow rolled her eyes and rolled her tongue. The poor emigrant was tired and dusty, but his voice and stick did not fail him, she had suddenly stopped the procession in front of a post-office, and shaking her head in reply to his earnest entreaties, when a man called out to the red shirt that he didn't understand cows a cent's worth.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" said Red Shirt.

"Why, just take the rope off her horns and put it around her neck, and she will lead as quiet as a lamb. If she don't, I will follow her a mile myself."

The rope was changed to her neck, and the team started. The cow gave a look of surprise and walked along.

"Well that beats all," said Red Shirt, and without a word of thanks he mounted his wagon. The procession moved toward Carroll County, and the cow followed with a countenance as placid as if she were walking home at milking time.—*Exchange.*

The little village of Climax, Michigan, has had a sensation. A little druggist became enamored of a rich widow's daughter, and pressed his attentions ardently and persistently upon her, which she as earnestly repelled, and he was finally driven from the house. But he even then was not willing to give her up. He made nightly visits to the yard and peered through the windows where his fair dulcinea was supposed to be innocently reposing in the arms of Morpheus or some other fellow. This trick was soon found out, and he was expelled from the yard in a manner that made him revolve like a fly wheel. But not willing to give up without at least a relic of remembrance of the fair one, he visited the clothes line the night after wash day, and purloined a chemise and pair of drawers belonging to her, which he stuffed and hung up in his bed room, making a full effigial representation of his adored by adding a stuffed head and feet. It was found by the officers who were searching for the lost wearing apparel, who, after showing the mummy to a few friends nearby, heartlessly disemboweled it and carried home the stolen garments. Though ridiculously strange, the above described occurrence is substantially true.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

A Massachusetts correspondent, writing an order for the Providence *Journal* for a year, says: "If you doubt my trustworthiness, I refer you to your own files, where, in 1861, in a handsome 'bituary' notice of me, I was called, if I remember right, among other things, 'an honest mechanic.'"

The Denver *News* records this incident for the benefit of those who doubt woman's constancy: "A man was about dying in this city, and an acquaintance sent the following telegram to his wife, who was in Chicago: 'Your husband is dying. Come quick.' She coolly replied: 'Can't go now. If he dies hand him over to the Masons—he's one of them.' The man died. She hasn't been heard from since."

IMPERFECT PAGE

The Bismarck Tribune.

Bismarck, D. T., Dec. 30, 1874.

A CHEERFUL OUTLOOK.

And now comes the cheering news that the bill to aid in the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad is not classed with the "forlorn hope" in Congress. Reliable information is received, as stated elsewhere, that the prospect of its passage is most satisfactory to its friends. This is, of course, most welcome intelligence all along the line of the completed and projected Northern Pacific. The source of this information is such as to warrant for it the utmost confidence, Gen. Rosser, the Chief Engineer of the road, having spent some time in Washington as a careful and most discreet canvasser of the feeling there upon the subject. We would not intentionally raise anticipations that have not a reasonable show for being realized, and from the present outlook, we, in common with all others who have taken up their abode on the line of this important national thoroughfare and have decided to abide its fortunes, can not be charged as over hopeful if we feel a little elated over the present prospects. There are reasons and arguments without number, why this great work should go on, and we very much mistake the temper of the present dominant party in Congress, if it omits the opportunity of securing to itself the honor of providing the way whereby it may be accomplished.

The bill to create the new Territory of Pembina out of the northern portion of the Territory of Dakota, is also in a hopeful way, the vote defeating it at the last session having been reconsidered and the bill recommitted to the committee. There is now every prospect of its passage on the assembling of Congress after its holiday adjournment. As nearly everybody in Dakota desires the division, and none, to our knowledge, are opposed, we suppose it will be purely a question of finance or economy with Congress, and when it can be so easily demonstrated that the erection of a new Territory in this instance would not materially increase the expenses, and would greatly accommodate both sections of the present Territory, the result can hardly be doubtful.

In addition to these two items of news so favorable to Northern Dakota, we have the iniatory movement in Congress to extinguish the Indian title to the Black Hills region, and open that new Eldorado to the enterprise of white men. This accomplished, Bismarck must, for a long time, be the concentrating point for all parties from the east, on their way thither, for reasons which have often been stated. Our citizens have every reason to enjoy a happy new year, over the brighter prospects in their horizon, and while doing so let them remember that they have an important duty on their part to perform, which we need not now name, to make the future of the town well secured and their prosperity complete.

The will of the late G. B. Lamar, who before the war, was one of the largest cotton planters and slave owners in Mississippi, and who made his name quite generally known by his cotton claims, was admitted to probate recently in New York. One of the provisions of the will directs his executors to press his claims upon the Government for upwards of 7,000 bales of cotton which he alleges were illegally seized during the war by the treasury officials, and to divide $100,000 of the amount, between the Mayor and Aldermen of Augusta, Ga., and the Ogelthorpe Infirmary of Savannah, to establish and sustain one or more hospitals for colored persons in each of said cities, who have been slaves, and their descendants, giving preference to those who belonged to or were hired by Lamar himself, especially to the old, the decrepit, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the insane, and for the care of lying-in females for not more than six weeks on each occasion. As these claims have been settled by the Government since the making of the will, the proceeds, of course, will be devoted to the noble and humane purpose suggested by the testator, the fruit of their labor thus proving a compensation to the ex slaves for the bitterness of their former servitude.

If you wish to make a Philadelphian furious just allude casually to "the metropolis," and then, as his face begins to brighten, tell him you mean New York.

Carrying Mails Across the Plains.

BY PROF. A. J. DONALDSON.

The late expedition to the Black Hills was out just sixty days—the time specified in General Sheridan's order. During that time not a syllable of news reached it from the busy world of civilization; buried for two months in the heart of the American continent; no telegrams, no morning papers, no weeklies, no letters, no news. All that we knew of current events was what transpired within the narrow circle of our own observation.

Three mails were sent back; one from Prospect Valley, 226 miles out; one from the South Fork of the Cheyenne, 475 miles out; one from Bear Butte, 200 miles in an air line. The first and third mails were carried to Fort A. Lincoln, opposite Bismarck; the second to Cheyenne, on the U. P. R. R. The first was borne by two Ree Indian scouts, named Skunk's Head and Bull Neck, selected for the duty by their chief, Corporal Bloody Knife; the second by Charles Reynolds alone; the the third by six Rees. The Indian couriers were mounted on ponies, well armed, and rationed for four days. Reynolds rode a fine, spirited, fleet horse. He was 165 miles from Fort Laramie, and 280 from Cheyenne. All these parties were to select their own routes across the unexplored plains. They wer liable at any time to encounter hostile Indians, and in case of capture would certainly be put to death. To lessen the danger of their journey they travelled only in the night, guided by stars and compass. In the daytime they concealed themselves in ravines. Owing to the extreme clearness of the air on the plains, to the eye distance is almost annihilated, and moving objects are lost to view only when the visual angle becomes too small to paint an image on the retina. From this cause, and also from the entire absence of trees and bushes, the danger of travel by daylight is increased.

All the couriers got safely through. I never learned anything concerning the journey of the Indians; but Reynolds was exposed to unusual hardship and danger. He is a young Kentuckian, with fair, rosy cheeks, fine, curling, auburn hair, large, mild, blue eyes, and voice soft and gentle as a woman. He is about five feet and ten inches high, robust, athletic, handsome, with grace and ease in every movement, fit to adorn the most polished society. His lips are never burned by intoxicating drinks, nor defiled by tobacco in any of its forms, nor polluted by profane and indecent language. Quiet and unobtrusive in manner, cool and self possessed, his truthfulness and his courage can never be questioned. Why he should have left the proud land of chivalry for the rude life of the plains, is a mystery. With the steadiness of a perfect machine, he brings his rifle to his shoulder, and without the slightest tremor, "draws the bead," and sends the unerring bullet on its fatal mission to drop the antelope or deer, panther or elk, grizzly or Indian. He has spent several years on the western frontiers, and carried out the mails from General Stanley's Yellowstone Expedition of last year.

In a former article we mentioned the fact of his starting with the dispatches about midnight. Over the smoothly shod hoofs of his horse there were drawn heavy sole leather sandals, fastened by draw strings around the pastern joints. The device was to prevent the shoes from making marks, and to cause the trail to resemble that of an unshod pony.

On the treeless plains from the Cheyenne to the Platte, there are no lakes or marshes to retain water. As soon as a rain is over, only stagnant pools remain, and these soon dry up. There are no springs. The hot, dry air of July and August sucks up every particle of moisture from the earth, burns the greenness from every blade of grass, and gives to the whole landscape the dreariness of Sahara. To ride alone 165 miles over such a scorched and arid plain is enough to appall even the stoutest heart. But this was not all. The Indians from every direction were concentrating at the Red Cloud Agency, to receive their annuities, then due from the Government. Reynold's must pass within a few miles of the agency, and travel a great distance parallel to the trails. He can hardly escape a hostile meeting. But he is willing to take the risk, solicits the appointment, and the danger is self imposed. The chances are strongly against him. To perish of thirst, or to be scalped are the Scylla and Charybdis of his journey. To escape both seems impossible. From his coverts, he several times saw Indians, but they were far away, and from them he feared no danger. He and his horse often suffered from thirst. At one time neither of them had a drop of water for nearly thirty hours. One of the oven-like ravines, where he was all day concealed, furnished an insufficiency of water. He scraped away the earth down to the rocks, but the trickling drops fell slowly. He divided the scant allowance with his horse, and in the early twilight of evening ventured out on his long night journey. By deviating from his course he was as likely to miss water as to find it. He pressed straight on, and daylight came, and [illegible] rise, but not a drop was found. He turned into a ravine, pierced his horse, and tried to find water by digging with his hunting knife. Some of his wells were four feet deep, but all were like dry. His sufferings became terrible. His blood and brain seemed on fire; his mouth and throat were parched; and his tongue swelled and cracked so as to force his teeth and lips apart. He feared that he would become delirious. His faithful horse was drooping and evidently could hold out but little longer. He dared to take a terrible risk! About six o'clock, more than an hour before sundown, he left his hiding place and started on. To deceive any Indians who might see him, he rode bare-headed and imitated, as best he could, the looks and actions of a savage. He passed in sight of three parties, but only two saw him. They watched him for some time, but thinking he was an Indian, did not follow. Early in the night he found water, and was saved. To rest, and to refresh his horse, he tarried by this pool all of the next day.

He reached Fort Laramie in safety, turned over his horse to the government, sent forward his telegrams, took the stage for Cheyenne, put his mail on board the train there, and by way of Sioux City and St. Paul returned to Fort Lincoln, and was one of the first to greet us on our arrival. Greater risks than his no man should incur; yet it were a greater risk to have attempted carrying a mail to us. The attempt was not made.—*Minneapolis Citizen.*

GOOD FOR THE PARSON.

Clear Grit Too Much for a Desperado.

I saw one of those desperadoes get a nice dose of quiet courage and stern will at this time, 1867. I had occasion to go down the road, and had to wait for the train. My abiding place was one of those dining tents, where I had taken a meal in the meanwhile. Among the persons seated around, one evidently was very raw. His dress was semi-clerical, and as he held forth in no constrained manner about "the terrible sin" and Babylonish Cheyenne," the old-timers within hearing enjoyed, in an uncouth way, poking small chaff at him. In the midst of one of his tirades against "this sink of perdition" a man came into the tent, walked up to the bar, and demanded a drink. It seems that for some reason he had been refused before. Suddenly throwing his hand under his coat he drew a six-shooter, and, half facing the crowd and the barkeeper, he said: "By G—, I'm going to have a drink right here or I'll turn loose!" (meaning to shoot.) To tell the truth, most of those old-timers broke for the door, the bar-keeper sunk under the counter, and death to some one seemed imminent. I confess to a cold sensation down my back, and thought of several debts that different parties owed me, and wondered if I should ever be paid, the green fields in which I had sported as a child rose before me vividly, I remembered one Sunday having played off sick, went down to the foot of Mill street and went swimming. I felt sorry for the Frogtown boy who licked me once; but what a sight. That parson, his tall, slim form seemed to grow taller as, in a quiet way, he strides up to the death-dealing cuss with the pistol. He wrenches that weapon from this terror; grasps him by the throat, fairly lifting him from his feet, his protruding tongue and blackening face shows the powerful grip of the parson's hand, and to make the picture more complete, says, in ordinary tones, "My friend, I have observed you before today trouble the landlord of this tavern. I am of the opinion that you are entirely in the wrong place. The landlord appeared to think you have had a sufficiency of intoxicating liquors. Now, observe, if you create any further disturbance I will jerk the bullet out of you," and he literally threw him headlong out of the door. Subsequently the parson held forth on the sins and iniquities of Cheyenne, and was listened to respectfully by the subdued old sinners. I was constrained to seek a favorable opportunity to ask the parson where he learned that grip. "Oh," said he, "I used to keep a tavern down East that's where I got my hand in."—*Cor. Cincinnati Commercial.*

When a woman brings suit against a faithless lover for breach of promise of marriage, she is generally willing to settle for a sum. A settlement is usually rather a desirable thing for the defendant, for no sane person wants to have his follies and pet idiocies exposed before a jury in the unbending, undeniable, uncompromising form of black and white. Therefore, settlement, by all means. But settlement in the manner of Joseph Buzzell, of Brookfield, N. H., is awkward. He and Miss Hanson, of the same village, had been children together, and were to have been married a few weeks since. Buzzell proved false and married another woman, whereupon the lady sued him. The night before the case was to have been heard, Buzzell loaded a shot gun to the muzzle with slugs and buckshot and thrusting it through the window near which the deserted fair one was sitting, deliberately settled the suit and her earthly accounts with about four ounces of lead. It was another instance of the axiom that a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client. In place of a damaged [illegible] Mr. Buzzell [illegible] verdict somewhat [illegible] to his neck. And for taking the law into [illegible]

THE RATE OF INTEREST.

A World of Financial Philosophy for Money Borrowers and Money Lenders.

[St. Louis Republican, 30th ult.]

The usual rate of interest in the west is ten per cent., and it is generally believed that this is the correct measure of the value of money. If the measure of the value of a commodity is what it will bring, this is true; but if the true measure of value is what the article can be made to yield, it is not true. Experienced capitalists and business men give it as their mature opinion that there is no kind of property as profitable as money loaned at ten per cent.—which is tantamount to saying that the average yield of industries, enterprises and speculations is less than ten per cent. on the amount invested, or in other words, that money is not really worth ten per cent. There are several considerations that strengthen this conclusion. Money loaned at 10 per cent. will double itself in seven and a half years; ten thousand dollars will grow into twenty thousand in that time, and twenty thousand will grow into forty thousand. That the average investments in business ventures and industries will not do this is too well known to need a demonstration. While a hundred men who loan money at ten per cent. compounded, will, with prudent management, double their fortunes in seven and a half years, one hundred men who borrow money at that rate will fail, in spite of all the prudence and forsight they may exercise, to double theirs. So far from it, fifty of them, if not more will break. There is nothing more clearly established by the experience of business than the fact that a man who conducts his enterprise on borrowed capital—whose only resources, or chief resources are the the products bills drawn on his shipment will, in four cases out of five, come to bankruptcy, and a farmer who mortgages his farm for half its value to secure money at ten per cent., in hope that its net yield will pay the interest and principal, will, in four cases out of five, be sold out. These plain and well-known facts appear to prove that the average annual product of money invested in commerce, speculation, industry and agriculture is not 10 per cent, and that, while it may bring that price, it is really not worth it. If all classes of borrowers in the West could be brought to appreciate this important fact, it would be worth millions to this region. There is a world of financial philosophy in it. Nothing is more absurd, and, in the long run, more disastrous than the delusion that a man can get rich by borrowing money to speculate on; it is the secret of four-fifths of the cases of bankruptcy that occur in business and of the sheriff's sales that take place in the country.

A Splendid Description.

On a certain occasion, Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than is usually furnished. When the people had assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out: "Mr. Paul Denton your reverence has lied. You promised hot only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where's the liquor?" "Here!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his long bony finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns with a sound of joy from the bosom of the earth. "There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, while his enemy at his feet actually trembled, "there is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with the poisonous gases, and surrounded with the sickening stench of odors of corruption [illegible] but in the glade and glassy dell where the deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, away down in the deepest valleys where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing, and high up on the mountain tops where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm clouds brood and the thunder clouds crash; and out on the wild, wild sea, where the hurricanes howl and the big waves roar in chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it, the beverage of life—health giving water. And everything is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drops, shining in the ice gem, singing in the summer rain, till they seem turned to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail storm; folding its bright curtains around the wintry world, and weaving the many colored iris, the seraph's zone of the air, whose warp is in the rain drops of the earth, and whose woof is in the sunbeams of heaven, all checkered over with the celestial flower of the mystic hand of refraction—that blessed life water. No poisonous bubbles on its brink, its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood [illegible] liquid glass; pale widows [illegible] ing children weep not [illegible] tears in its depths. Speak out, [illegible] ould you exchange it for [illegible] ink, alcohol?" [illegible] the roar of the tempest answered "No."

That Emerson Boy.

That Emerson boy is dead, and there isn't any one around that house now to make fun. He was a cheerful, lively boy, and he did his best to make the household put on the mantle of joyfulness. Emerson often remarked that Bob didn't seem ever to sit down and think of the grave and death, and he probably never did.

No, Bob wasn't of that make. He wanted to have fun, and if the coroner should have his body exhumed to-day, I have no doubt that certain portions of it would be found calloused where the press-board used to fall. Both his ears were nearly torn off by being cuffed so much, and it took a whole row of current bushes to furnish whips to dust his jacket for one summer.

Emerson didn't know what fun was until Bob was eight years old. Then the boy began to launch out. He would bore gimlet holes in the bottom of the water-pail, put cartridges in the coal stove, unscrew the door knobs, fill the kerosene lamp with water, and a good thrashing didn't burden his mind over five minutes. Sometimes his father would take him by the hair and yank him up to the sofa, and sit down and ask:

"Robert Parathon Emerson, what in blazes ails ye?"

"Its the yeller janders, I guess," Bob would meekly reply.

"Robert, don't you want to be an angle?" the old man would continue.

"And have wings?"

"Yes, my son."

"And fly higher'n a kite?"

"Yes."

"And fight hawks?"

"Y-e-s, I guess so."

"Bet your beef I would—whoop! Bully for the angles!"

"That sacrilege, that is," the old man would remark, and he would jerk Bob's hair some more and declare that the young rascal was bound for the gallows. After lying under the pear tree for six minutes, Bob would recover from his sadness and go over to the barn and run the pitchfork through the straw-cutter, harness up the cow, and stick pins into the family horse.

One night he brought home a wolf-trap and set it in the middle of the woodshed to catch a rat. He chuckled a good deal that evening at the thought of what would happen to the rats, and he fell asleep and dreamed that he was a hand organ, and that some one stole the crank to him so that he couldn't be played on. Just before going to bed old Emerson went out after a scuttle of coal, and he stepped his bootless foot into that trap. He made a mighty spring and uttered a mighty yell, and it took two men ten minutes to spring the trap off his leg.

"It's that boy's work," he groaned, as he nursed his foot, and he took up the boot-jack, limped into the bedroom and gave Bob an awful clip, just as the boy was dreaming of playing base ball with a mermaid.

I'll pound ye to death if ye don't stop this fooling!" cried the old man, but he hadn't been out of the bedroom ten minutes before Bob was planning to stop up the chimney next day and smoke everybody out of the house. It wasn't many days before he fixed a darning needle in the cushion of his father's arm chair and bounced the old man three feet high and his licking hadn' got over smarting before he exploded a fire cracker in his mother's snuff box. That night the old man said to him as he took him by the ear:

"Robert Parathon Emerson, do you ever think of where you will go to?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, "I'll go to bed purty soon."

Then he got another mauling and went to bed to dream that he was a three-tined pitchfork and that a man was using him to load hay with.

Poor boy! Even three days before he died, and while on his dying bed, he managed to slip an eight ounce tack into his father's left boot and get up another circus. If he's in Heaven now I truly believe that he'll put up some sort of a job on the first angel who comes around him.

Masonry and Odd-Fellowship.

[Farmington (Dakota Co.) Press.]

We may take it for granted, that so long as poor humanity is subject to ills and misfortunes and poverty—so long as the so-called christian churches ignore the claims of sickness, human wretchedness, and human needs, in neighbor or stranger, (without regard to age, sex, clime or condition,) and consider it a more imperative christian duty to spend money in making proselytes than in binding up the wounds of the unhorsed traveler on life's highways;—so long, we say, will Masonry and Odd-Fellowship and kindred orders flourish, as a prime necessity of the human family—as supplying a want no other religion (for this is religion) has yet cared for. Let those who traduce them show their own superiority in *works* more approved by God and the angels—if they can.

IMPERFECT PAGE

Imperfect Page Imperfect Page

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY THE LATE J. G. HOLLAND.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good-night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, still wet on their eyes,
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs—
For to-night their stern father's commands had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven,
Instead of eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before;
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such thing as a "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped, after this, he should nevermore hear
"How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year."
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten.
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie is you fast asleep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For, somehow, it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no "Santa Claus."
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear every thing mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here,
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tam't we pay dest as mamma did then,
And ask him to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so, too." And without a word more
Four little bare feet bouded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped closed to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive:
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then."
"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of thee;
I want a wax doll, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring,
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he,
Don't let him get fretful and angry again,
At dear brother Willie and Annie, amen."
"Please Desus, et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bring us some present before it is light,
I want he sood dive me a nice little sed,
With bright shinin' yunners, and all painted yed;
A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy,
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds;
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half suppessed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent,
But of course they've forgot their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for-kiss,
But, just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly asceended the stairs;
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers.
His Annie's "bless papa," draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange I'd forgtton," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh,
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown.
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionare facing the cold, driving sleet,
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring:
Indeed he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery 'twas stowed;
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work box well filled in the center was laid,
And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red,
There were balls, dogs, and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid.
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year.
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent more!
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve.
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep open wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted,) and left before light.
"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know,"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer!
"Then we dot up and prayed dest as well as we tould,
And Dod answered our prayers, now wasn't He dood?
"I should say that He was, if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, my dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.)"
Blind father, who caused your stern heart to relent?
And the fairy word spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

An exchange says: "If you have a boy and want to know what's in him, send him West with just enough money to get him there."

The young lady who whistles defends herself in the *Christian at Work* as follows: Let no one deny me the privilege of whistling when sitting alone at my sewing machine. If I am compelled to walk the street alone at night, I never fear danger at an approaching footstep if it is accompanied by the music of whistling. I do not believe a person can whistle who is intent on evil."

A lady and her eight year old daughter were among the passengers on a Woodward avenue car yesterday, and presently the little miss observed a man take out his handkerchief, flourish it around and then wipe his nose. The child leaned over to her mother and whispered: "Mamma, that gentleman is trying to flirt with me, but shall I give him the handkerchief signal that I mistrust his motives."

(Copyright Applied For.)

THE AMAZONIAN CORPS.

A Romance of the Army.

BY LINDA W. [illegible].

CHAPTER V.—THE JOURNEY.

The second journey of the recruits was made under rather more cheerful auspices than their first memorable flitting from the Rendezvous to the Depot, yet it was far from being a pleasure trip. They traveled in baggage cars from Chicago to Sioux City, Iowa, whence they were to proceed by steamer, to their new post of duty, Fort Oryza, on the Missouri river. Ross' self-satisfaction did not increase when he found himself with his companions, compactly piled away on the lower deck of a small and very dirty steamboat, whose owners, the largest transportation company in the northwest, having secured the contract for carrying government troops by getting in the cheapest proposals fulfilled the terms of the contract by furnishing fare and accommodations in a style correspondingly cheap. But as nobody suffered but the soldiers and the mules, and as the former dared not complain, and the latter could not protest, it wasn't of much consequence. The journey lasted two weeks, but it seemed much longer to the tin pan brigade who had spread their encampment on the open deck, so near the rushing waves.

The vessel was heavily laden, entirely too much so for comfort or safety, but a western steamer is as capacious as an omnibus, and has always room for something more.

Two of the recruits were lost by stepping overboard in the twilight, the floor of the deck being level with the water's edge, and without the slightest protection, or railing of any kind. This fact weighed heavily upon Ross' mind, and several times gave him the nightmare, when he would wake from troubled dreams of drowning, bathed in a cold perspiration, and shiver on his hard couch till daylight, not daring to close his eyes, lest he in his uneasy sleep, should start up to escape, and his horrid dreams become reality.

Pitiable as was the condition of the recruits, it was one degree better than that of the wretched "roustabouts", or deck hands of the steamer, whose required service was the lowest drudgery of the boat. Staggering under heavy loads when the boat stopped to "wood-up," or to discharge part of her cargo; they were followed from deck to shore, and shore to deck, by an unremitting stream of abuse and ill-language, varied by an occasional frightful volley of oaths, that fairly shook the frail and insecure plank on which they passed to and fro. The officers of the boat, who ordinarily were quiet, civil spoken gentlemen, took turns in performing this serious duty, and swore like the "army in Flanders," at every stopping place.

These miserable beings touched a chord of sympathy in Ross' bosom. His young heart, in all its boyish freshness was ever quick to respond to the call of suffering, and now a fellow feeling, arising from his own hapless state, was added to enhance his sorrow for these cringing specimens of poor abused humanity.

Usually the boat got stuck on a sand-bar some half dozen times a day, and had [illegible]

[illegible] The machinery creaked and groaned, the firemen [illegible] on his hands, and the Captain swore till he was black in the face.

But the boat wouldn't budge an inch, and Ross, hearing, amid a perfect storm of curses, the oft repeated command, "Go ahead on that nigger, there!" in his ignorance of nautical phrases, felt great solicitude for the fate of the unfortunate African, so often and so mercilessly abjured.

Ross grew restive in the crowded quarters; his companions were far from congenial. The delays were most provoking, and the stale and insufficient ration of hard tack and salt bacon, was insufferably distasteful to a healthy and hungry boy. The thought of his home was torture. At night he spread his blanket on the filthy deck, and with his head pillowed upon his knapsack, looked up to the twinkling stars shining so peacefully overhead, and wondered whether his mother was not then looking at them too.

It is a beautiful thought for the absent, that the same stars that light our pathway, overhang and guide the steps of the loved ones far away.

It brought comfort to Ross' soul, this silent sad communion with the stars, and soothed his restless spirit with the hope of some day retrieving his errors and returning to the home he had thoughtlessly forsaken.

The officer who had charge of the recruits, had established his quarters in the ladies' cabin, and held no communication with his men save through the medium of a Sergeant. He was accompanied by his wife, and several other ladies, wives of officers, who, after a lengthened visit to the east, were returning to join their husbands on the frontier. A number of citizens and their families were also on board the boat, these latter having, according to the rules of the boat company, been required to purchase full fare tickets in advance.

Army officers, however, are privileged characters. Not only do they receive mileage and an ample allowance for actual expenses when traveling under orders, with transportation for servants and other baggage, but an officer's commission is supposed to be a passport to free transportation, and secures for its fortunate owner certain immunities and privileges denied to the common herd of ordinary travelers. It is a kind of free ticket, recognized and honored by all well regulated railway and steamboat corporations, hence every journey undertaken under orders insures a nice little harvest to the lucky traveler.

The officers of the boat, in the present instance, had spared no pains to render their distinguished guests comfortable and contented, and what they lost through courtesy to them, was made up by higher charges and more stringent rules enforced upon the common passengers. For these pains-taking efforts to please, no thanks were expected or received, the illustrious tourists claiming as their right, attentions and favors that should have been accepted as courtesy.

The ladies' cabin was given up to their exclusive use, and was separated from the dining room by an improvised curtain, behind whose charmed boundary no citizen dared step with foot profane. The partitions were removed from the tiny staterooms, on either side, that the ladies of the suite might have ample room in which to arrange the gorgeous toilets, in which they shone at dinner time, and which brightened up the dingy and battered walls with all the colors of the original rainbow, besides divers others that were not then invented. They were the observed of all observers. The meals awaited their pleasure, and no common mortal was permitted to sit down at the table until they had been first seated and served.

Ross was detailed one day to guard the door of the cabin, such a proceeding having been found necessary from the growing dissatisfaction of some of the passengers—who were unreasonable enough to complain of having been left out in the cold, so far as the comforts of the cabin were concerned, and to grumble at being obliged to sleep double in the narrow cots of the single staterooms, in order that the fair monopolists might find room for their crinoline.

One sturdy Montana merchant, in particular, who numbered his wealth by the ten thousands, felt especially aggrieved by this regulation. He was traveling with his two daughters, buxom, fresh faced lassies, whose modest dress and demeanor contrasted well with the flaunting airs and flashy clothes of their supposed superiors.

Ross was ordered to guard the inmates of the cabin from intrusion, and had scarcely taken his position outside the curtain, armed with his musket and full authority to stop and turn back any intruder who dared to approach the sacred precincts of that charmed inclosure, or sought to interpose a form of common clay betwixt the wind and their nobility; when the adipose merchant from Montana, came sauntering along, with his hands in his pockets, and eyes fixed on the floor, with the obvious intent of penetrating behind the curtain.

But before his hand could grasp its cotton folds, Ross interposed with his musket, and informed him that he had orders to admit no one to the cabin, save the attaches of the military suite.

The old gentleman had a benevolent face, and evidently was well satisfied with his position in the world, and considered himself as good as anybody.

His wrath and astonishment when he received this unexpected rebuff, in the language of the novelist, may be imagined, but cannot be described.

"Can't go in there! can't I!" he roared, "and why not, I'd like to know? We'll see about that," and with a hasty movement he seized hold of the cabin barrier and jerked it down from its fastenings, bringing with it a cloud of dust, and exposing the startled inmates of the enclosure to the vulgar gaze.

"I ain't good enough to come in here, ain't I," cried the old fellow in a tremendous voice, addressing the astonished group, "and who are you, I'd like to know, sticking yourselves up to be better than other folks. I know you, every one of you! just look at that one now," he continued, pointing his cane at one of the frightened fair ones, who had been thus unceremoniously interrupted in the midst of a desperate flirtation with the captain of the steamboat—"that one there with the red ribbons and the crinkled hair—haven't I seen her flying around on a horse at Dan Rice's circus many a time, and yet my darters ain't good enough to come in here and sit down where she is;—come in gals," he said, addressing his two blushing maidens,—"and take the best seats you can find, and let's show these good-for-nothing, would-be aristocrats, that we think we are as good as they are, anyhow!"

The commanding officer of the little party retired to his stateroom with great dignity. The fair one, with the red ribbons, fled from the scene in violent hysterics. Ross was placed under arrest for disobedience of orders, and condemned to the privacy of the cow pen, which, in the temporary absence of its rightful occupant, was then doing duty as a guardhouse. The rest of the group retired in confusion, leaving the bellicose merchant from Montana chuckling audibly over his triumph.

The remainder of the trip passed without other incidents worthy of note, save the appearance on the shore, at the various Indian agencies, where the boat stopped, of the original pioneers of the county,—the "big Injuns" of the Upper Missouri.

Notwithstanding his mother's determined efforts to the contrary, Ross had surreptitiously read much of the yellow covered literature of the day, relative to these dusky sons of nature, yet he was scarcely prepared to find them in so natural a state. The strange, guttural language, the primitive dress, and gaudy decorations, all impressed him deeply. Indeed the scene was well worth noting. The shore of the landing place was lined with motley groups of mottled warriors, armed with tomahawks and scalping knives, their dark piercing eyes gleaming with a wild light, through tangled tufts of bushy black hair. Old men muffled in blankets, squatted eccentrically by the water's edge, while modestly in the background stood the patriarchal agent, surrounded by a bevy of dusky squaws and saffron-hued papooses.

But even these singular beings soon lost their interest for Ross. The agency tableaux were all the same. The tiresome journey, the mountainous scenery, and the sluggish river, tired him inexpressibly, and it was with a grateful sense of relief that he walked the plank connecting the deck of the hated steamboat with the landing place at Fort Oryza.

(Continued next week.)

The other night a man who lives out on Columbia street was kept down on business until a very late hour, and his wife, knowing how cold he would be when he got home, put an iron on the stove, and when she heard him open the gate, she jumped up and hurriedly wrapping the iron in a piece of flannel, put it in bed for him to warm his great ugly feet by. The man was cold, and taciturn and cross. He crawled into bed with a growl, shuddered with cold as he stretched himself out. Then he gave a yell and jammed his head against the headboard, and screamed fire, and waltzed out on the floor and around the room in the dark, straddling rocking-chairs and breaking his shins on bureau corners, and knocking down brackets with his shoulders, and upsetting one or two things, and filling the darkness with wierd, fantastic profanity. When his wife lighted the lamp they discovered a beautiful photograph of a sad iron on the bottom of that man's foot, and it was found that the flannel has got off the foot warmer. The man says that hereafter, if he must sleep with a hardware store, he wants it put in cold.

An Interesting Relic.

A venerable rifle made in Virginia in the year 1744, which would make its age 130 years, was lately exhibited by its owner to the editor of the Louisville *Journal*, who honored it with a full column. The maker of the now famous rifle was Jacob Young, but the first owner's name has not been handed down. Sometime in 1750 it came into the possession of Mr. William Whitley, the grandfather of its present owner. William Whitley carried it with him to Kentucky when he went with Boone and the original twenty-seven colonists who invaded the dark and bloody ground and built the little fort at Booneborough. Accompanying the gun was a large powder horn of beautiful shape, upon which the following verses are carved:

"William Whitley, I am your horn;
The truth I love, a lie I scorn.
Fill me with best of powder.
He make your rifle crack the lowder.

"See how the dread, terrifick ball
Make Indians bleed and toreys fall.
You withp owder He supply
For to defend your Liberty."

The belt to which the horn is attached is heavily ornamented with beads made of the quills of porcupines, which are said to have been killed in Kentucky. This rifle has an interesting history. It figured in the Indian war and in the war of 1812. It should now be laid up in lavender.

The last thing in patent paper collars—stick them on with mucilage.

Croup can be cured in one minute, and the remedy is simply alum and sugar. The way to accomplish the deed is to take a knife or grater and shave off in small particles about a teaspoonfull of alum; then mix it with twice its quantity of sugar to make it palatable, and administer it as quickly as possible, and almost instantaneous relief will follow.

A man who was laboring under the influence of liquor yesterday opened the door at the sitting room of one of the depots and exclaimed: "I want to get married—I'm worth a million dollars!" There were sixteen ladies in the room, and a man who looked around and watched them, says that every single one dropped her eyes, puckered up her mouth, and tried to look loving, including two women who were 70 years old.

Bank of Bismarck.

RECEIVES DEPOSITS—SUBJECT TO SIGHT DRAFTS—INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS—EASTERN EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Collections Made & Promptly Remitted.

JAS. W. RAYMOND & CO.

CHARLES H. McCARTY,

LIVERY, SALE AND FEEDSTABLE

Cor. Third and Thayer Sts.

Buggies and Saddle horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.

Our buggies and harnesses are new and of the best manufacture and style and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.

Our Stable is large and airy and accommodations for Boarding stock the best in the country.

Stock sold on commission. 15y

CAPITOL HOTEL,

BISMARCK, - - D. T.

Opposite the N. P. R. R. Depot.

This Hotel is new and kept in Good Style. Travellers will have every accommodation to insure their comfort.

R. R. MARSH & CO.,
Proprietors.

M. M. FULLER,
Commission Merchant,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Wholesale and Retail dealer in Flour, Feed, Butter, Eggs, &c., &c. Northern Pacific dealers will find it to their interest to communicate with this house before purchasing elsewhere.
v2no7-1y

OSTLAND'S
Livery & Feed STABLE,
Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.

Buggies and Saddle Horses for hire by the day or hour at reasonable rates.

My Buggies and Harness are new and of the best manufacture and style, and our Stock good. Parties wishing teams for any distant point can be accommodated at fair rates.

My Stable is large and airy, and accommodations for Boarding stock the best in the country. 39-3m

B. F. SLAUGHTER, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon
U. S. Pension Examining Surgeon.

Office in Residence Corner of Main and Second Streets. 11y

CHAS. STEARNS. CHAS. LOUIS.
STEARNS & LOUIS,
PRACTICAL
House and Sign Painters,

Main St., bet. 5th and 6th, Bismarck, D. T.
39—y1

JOHN P. FORSTER,
Main St., 3 Doors West of Capitol Hotel
BISMARCK, D. T.
FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT,
AND
ICE CREAM SALOON.

Confectionery, Pasty and Cake Baker. Meals at all hours of the Day. Board by the Day or Week. All orders for FLOWERS or VEGETABLES promptly filled. 1-47tf

ROBERT CRAIG. EDWARD P. LARKIN.
CRAIG & LARKIN,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
CROCKERY, FRENCH CHINA,
Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses and House Furnishing Goods, 66 East Third Street, Old No. 197, St. Paul Minn. 1-46yl

J. C. Oswald,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
BOURBON AND RYE WHISKIES,
Brandies, Gins, Wines and Cigars,
No. 3 Peavey Opera House,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

JOHN MATHERS'
Carpet House!
Carpets, Wall Paper and Window Shades, Lace and Muslin Curtains, 44 and 46 W Third Street, St. Paul, Minn. 25y1

JOSIAH DELAMATER. GEO. W. FLANNERY.
DELAMATER & FLANNERY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENTS.
BISMARCK, - - D. T.
Lands located. Abstracts of title furnished. All collection of claims promptly attended to. 1-47t.

THOMAS VAN ETTEN,
Attorney and Counselor AT LAW,
BISMARCK, - DAKOTA.
1-50

JOHN A. STOYELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Bismarck, D. T.
1-42y1

E. A. Williams,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTION AGENT.
BISMARCK, D. T.

IMPERFECT PAGE

Imperfect Page

The Bismarck Tribune.

BISMARCK AND VICINITY.

Bismarck, D. T., Dec. 30, 1874.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Signal Service, U. S. A.

DIVISION OF TELEGRAMS, AND REPORTS FOR THE BENEFIT OF COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE, BISMARCK, DAKOTA TERRITORY.

REPORT OF TEMPERATURES, ETC., FOR THE WEEK ENDING MONDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1874.

Day of Week.	Mean Barometer.	Mean Thermometer.	Mean Humidity.	Ave. Direction of Wind.	Daily Velocity.	Amt. of Snow & Rain.	State of the Weather.
Wednesday	29.488	26.75	60.00	N W	193	.05	Lt.Snow.
Thursday	29.905	16.82	46.65	N W	377	.00	Clear.
Friday	29.781	9.875	78.00	N	199	.01	Lt.Snow.
Saturday	29.894	6.875	64.50	N	141	.06	Lt.Snow.
Sunday	29.810	8.00	61.625	W	119	.00	Fair.
Monday	29.676	8.50	72.00	N	51	.91	Lt.Snow.
Tuesday	30.379	-17.50	44.525	N	338	.19	Clear.
Weekly Means.	29.993	8.250	61.314	N	9.5p.h	.32	Snowing.

Highest temperature, 32°
Lowest temperature, -24°

J. H. SMITH, Observer Sergeant, Signal Service, U. S. A.

Services at the Presbyterian Church in the morning at half past 10 o'clock, in the evening at half past seven. Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at half past seven o'clock.

New Year's cards printed to order at short notice.

Sterescopic views and lenses—a beautiful christmas present, at Dunn &Co's drug store. 21w5

With the exception of a very few drunks, Christmas was a very quiet day in Bismarck.

Checker and backgammon boards, chessmen, &c., at Dunn & Co's drug store. 21w5

All parties indebted to us will please call at the Captain's office and settle, that we may do the same by our creditors and commence the New Year free from indebtedness.

Writing desks and stationery at Dunn & Co's drug store. 21w5

The question of a municipal government is being agitated by some of its friends in this quiet village just now. It may be for the best, but is likely to prove rather expensive.

Pocket cutlery, combs, brushes, &c., nice Holliday presents, at Dunn & Co's drug store. 21w5

Mr. Etter, of Beaumont & Etter, St. Paul, made the TRIBUNE corps a short but pleasant visit last week, and placed us under obligations for late eastern papers.

A splendid assortment of Holliday goods, warranted as represented, at Fred Strauss' jewelry store. 21w5

A California lawyer has been fined $10 00 for calling a judge a fool. It is not a thing for a lawyer to speak the truth, that it is a pity he should be punished so severely for his first attempt.

Holliday goods in great variety at Dunn & Co's drug store. 21w5

The plats of Townships 137, 138, 139, 140, north, range 72 west, have been received at the Bismarck Land Office. These lands were subdivided the past season, and are about fifty miles East of Bismarck, the Northern Pacific Railroad passing through township 139 about one mile and a half north of the center.

The Christmas tree at the church last week was an occasion of happiness to all the Sunday School children of that church, as well as to some of larger growth. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Sloan, was the recipitent of several appropriate momentoes from his numerous friends. The event will probably be celebrated annually for all time to come.

By letter just received form Capt. Singiser, we learn that the Black Hills fever is raging to an alarming extent throughout the east, and large parties are preparing to emigrate to a more healthful climate. Bismarckers are equal to the emergency and will receive all comers with their well known hospitality. As the route via the Northern Pacific and Bismarck is the only one that can be traveled without trespassing on forbidden ground, the rush here will be unprecedently great.

Gen. Terry directs the commanding officer at Ft. Seward to also put up the mail that all, excepting that for Ft. Lincoln, may be left at Bismarck on its arrival, instead of being sent to Ft. Lincoln as heretofore. A great improvement.

At a special meeting of the County Commissioners last Thursday, Alex. McKenzie was appointed Sheriff of Burleigh County, vice Charles H. McCarthy, deceased. The Commissioners received and placed on file the petitions which were presented favoring the appointment of this or that individual, but thought it best to act upon their own judgment, and unanimously agreed upon McKenzie. Messrs. McLean, Griffin, McArthur and Stoyell became his bondsmen. The appointment meets with general satisfaction.

McLean is generous. He proposes to sell his goods at cost.

Lt. H. doesn't occupy a seat on the "ragged edge," but claims to live on the "fringes of civilization."

Just as we go to press our fellow townsman Col. Brownson, accompanied by J. S. Winston, returned to Bismarck.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that Delamater & Flannery have dissolved their partnership.

We noticed in a late number of the *Army and Navy* that Dr. Porter's contract was annulled Dec. 1st, at his own request.

Clevenger on "departure" is said to be next forthcoming work for the guide of Government Surveyors. Yankton bespeaks the entire edition.

That Christmas party at O'Conner's was a good one, and netted the proprietor a handsome profit. John knows how to make his patrons happy.

The post office isn't exactly like a circulating library, if it does change its locality frequently. It is now in the Land Office, and in much warmer quarters.

Maj. Sperry, U. S. Indian agent at Berthold, has been in town for a day or two. He expects to leave for New York City this morning, and will be absent two or three months.

We understand that the matter of looking after timber on the railroad sections has been placed in the hands of Col. Brown, of the land office, and parties desiring permits to cut dry wood should apply to him to settle for "stumpage," those who do not procure permits are warned to keep "hands off." The Government officials are arranging to look after trespassers of the even or Government sections.

Deputy Marshall Edgerly arrested Wah-pa-pa last Thursday at Standing Rock, and placed him in the guard house at Fort Lincoln last Sunday. Wah-pa-pa admits being one of the party of four that murdered the Delorme family at St. Joseph, near Pembina, last July, but denies doing more than knocking down a woman with his hand, to keep her out of the way, and thus saved her life.

The disturbances at Standing Rock, if any existed, are over. The agent reports between six and seven thousand Lo's at the agency.

Some time ago the Red River *Star* published an account of a defalcation in the N. P. office at Moorhead, and intimated that the agent at Fargo was also short several hundred dollars, and the agent at Bismarck several thousand. Col. Lounsberry has investigated the matter and finds that there is no foundation for the story, so far as Fargo and Bismarck are concerned. Col. Boownson had allowed several parties to take their freight out in several instances before the freight was paid; and when the auditor examined the books and invoiced the freight on hand, there was an apparent deficiency, but steps were immediately taken to collect the delinquent bills, and everything was made satisfactory. The Col. who has been on a visit to his family in Omaha, has just returned, and resumes his position. Col. Brownson does not appear to have been injured by these stories in the least, and was recently offered a much more responsible position on an Illinois road, at $250 per month. This shows how he is regarded by those who know him.

Speaking as a comedian I am against Sunday theatrical performances, not on religious principles, but because we require one day of rest in the week. We foresee also that eventually we should receive no more for the seven nights' work than we now receive for six. I doubt if any manager or comedian would consent to perform on Sunday night, except at the urgency of want, not, however, from any religious scruples, for if I thought theatrical amusements were offensive to God I would quit the stage; and to presume that an entertainment which is innocent on Saturday becomes sinful on Sunday, is simply silly.—*Dion Boucicault.*

A landlord on calling for his rent, the other day, and finding his tenant sick and destitute, didn't turn the family into the street, but on the contrary sent them a doctor and a stock of provisions. A writ of *de lunatico inquirendo* is talked of by his friends.

Better than paying the doctor: A Cleveland man reminds his wife that she is red-headed, and then she cures him of rheumatism.

The Providence *Journal* says the Secretary Fish has the blood of the Stuyvesants, who live as long as a Newport widow. And pray what business has the *Journal* man to know anything about the age of Newport widows?

New Advertisements

NOTICE.

Tax-payers pay your taxes. The law requires the Treasurer to collect the tax by distress and sale after the 1st day of January. JOHN BOWEN, *Treasurer.*
25w1

NOTICE.

The co partnership heretofore existing between Messrs. Delamater & Flannery is this day dissolved by mutual consent. JOSIAH DELAMATER, GEO. P FLANNERY.
Bismarck, Dec. 23rd 1874. 25 w 3

BRAMBLE HOUSE,
Moorhead, Minn.
First Class in every particular. Free Bus to Depot and Boats.
Every Train from Bismarck runs now to Moorhead, and starts mornings from there, opposite the Bramble House.
Headquarters for Stages.
C. P. SLOGGY, Prop'r.

Fred. Strauss,



DEALER IN
WATCHES, SPECTACLES,
and all kinds of Jewelry. Orders of any description will be promptly filled. Satisfaction guaranteed.
1-40tf Main St., Bismarck, D. T.

PROPOSALS
For Army Transportation!

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF DAKOTA, OFFICE CHIEF QUARTERMASTER, ST. PAUL, MINN., October 30, 1874.

Sealed Proposals will be received at this office until 12 o'clock noon on the 19th day of January, 1875, for the transportation of military supplies, &c., on the following routes in the Department of Dakota, during the year commencing April 1, 1875, and ending March 31, 1876.

1. Route No. 4—Wagon transportation from and to stations in the State of Minnesota, and Territory of Dakota.
2. Route in Montana—Wagon transportation from and to stations in the District of Montana, and from Corinne, or other stations on the Union Pacific Railroad to stations in Montana.
3. Red River of the North—River transportation, between Moorhead, Minn., or Fargo, D. T., and Fort Pembina, D. T.
4. Ferriage, between Fort Abraham Lincoln and Bismarck, D. T., and between said Fort and Point Pleasant, opposite thereto.

Proposals for each route should be made separately and in triplicate, and will be accompanied by a bond in the sum of $5,000, signed by two or more responsible parties, guaranteeing that, in case a contract is awarded to the bidder, he will execute the same, and give good and sufficient bonds for its fulfillment.

Copy of form of contract, and blank forms of proposals, guarantee, &c., can be had on application to the office of the Quartermaster's Department, at Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, Omaha Neb., Ogden, U. T., Ft. Shaw, M. T., or at this office.

A copy of this advertisement should be attached to the proposal.

The government reserves the right to reject any or all bids offered.

Proposals should be endorsed as follows: "Proposals for Army Transportation on Route ——," and addressed to the undersigned. Thus endorsed, they will be opened in the presence of bidders, at this office, at noon on the 19th day of January, 1875.

BENJ. C. CARD, Chief Quartermaster.
Dec. 16-1874-28w4

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between Peter Walker and Nicholas Comes, under the firm name of Peter Walker & Co., is hereby dissolved by mutual consent. Nicholas Comes will pay all outstanding bills, and collect all moneys due the late firm.

PETER WALKER.
NICHOLAS COMES.
Bismarck, D. T., Nov. 7th, 1874.

Having leased the premises, the bakery business will be continued by me. Thankful for past favors, I hope to merit a continuance of the same.
PETER WALKER.
Dec. 8, 1874.—28w4.

OFFICE A. A. Q. M., FT. TOTTEN, D. T., November 24th, 1874.

Will be offered for sale, at public auction, at 10 o'clock, a. m., on Friday, the 15th of January, 1875, at the Quartermaster's storehouse, a quantity of old uniform clothing, consisting of bootees, pegged and sewed; boots, pegged and sewed; lace, uniform hats, forage caps, great coats, foot; uniform coats, flannel sack coats, lined and unlined; &c.

Terms cash upon the delivery of the articles.
JAS. E. PORTER, 1st. Lt. 7th Cavalry, A. A. Q. M.
Dec2-22w4

Attention Horsemen!

All those who have horses afflicted with any kind of disease, call on

W. P. McElroy,
PRACTICAL VETERINARY SURGEON,
of 15 years standing, who has permanently located at Bismarck, and who will treat all diseases to which the horse is subject.
Office at J. F. Reardon's, under Masonic Hall; or at Chas. McCarty's Livery Stable.
nov18-1874—19m3.

H. M. DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
MORTON'S HALL,
5w13 BISMARCK, D. T.

NEWS DEPOT
JAS. TULLOCH, Prop.
General Newsdealer, & Book Agent,
BISMARCK, D. T.
Being in direct communication with the principal Eastern News Co's., I am prepared to fill all orders promptly, and at lowest possible rates. Newspapers and periodicals furnished regularly to subscribers at the Military Posts.
1-47tf

JAS. W. RAYMOND. GEO. H. FAIRCHILD.

J. W. Raymond & Co.,
Bargains in Dry Goods.
BARGAINS IN NOTIONS.
BARGAINS IN CLOTHING!
BARGAINS IN GROCERIES!
BARGAINS IN COAL OIL!
BARGAINS IN OVERCOATS!
BARGAINS IN CANNED GOODS.
Bargains for the Ladies!
Bargains in Everything.
A T
J. W. RAYMOND & CO'S.

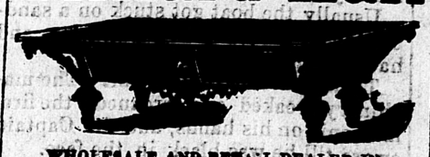
STOVES! STOVES!
CHARTER OAK & MATCHLESS
COOKING STOVES.
EXCELSIOR BOX STOVES,
Celebrated EVENING STAR Parlor Stove.
We have in transit, and to arrive in a few days, a fine lot of the above far famed Stoves, direct from the manufacturers at St. Louis.
Now is the time to leave your orders for Stoves, Piping, &c.
JAMES DOUGLAS & CO.

JOE DIETRICH, JR.,
OMNIBUS LINE
BETWEEN
FT. LINCOLN AND BISMARCK.
LEAVES BISMARCK:
7:30 a. m. 9 a. m. 1 p. m. 4 p. m. Daily.
LEAVES THE POINT OPPOSITE LINCOLN:
10 a. m. 12 m. 3 p. m. 6:30 p. m. Daily.
On Sundays the Omnibus will only make the 9 a. m. and 1 p. m. trips.
34-3m

SEWING MACHINES.
Parties wishing a Sewing Machine will find it to their advantage to call on J. W. FISHER, at the U. S. Express Office, Bismarck, D. T, who keeps always on hand, machines, needles, castors, and sewing Machine attachments of all kinds. 1-46tf

WESTERN LAND ASSOCIATION
PROPRIETORS OF
REAL ESTATE IN DULUTH
For Sale or Lease,
LUTHER MENDENHALL, AGENT.

JOHN MASON
Billiard Hall



WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
PRODUCE AND COMMISSION,
CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS.
CIGARS and TOBACCO.
Cor. Main and Fifth Streets, Bismarck, D. T. and Moorhead, Minn.

PROF. COMERS
EMPIRE SHAVING
AND
BATHING ROOMS!
Third St., between Main and Meigs Sts., Bismarck,
Hot and Cold Baths at all hours, Special attention given to Bathers. 19 1y

GEO. G. GIBBS'
Blacksmith and Wagon Shop,
Corner of Third and Thayer Streets, Bismarck, D. T.
Horseshoeing a Specialty.
2-81y

CHR'ST HEHLI,
KING OF THE
BARBERS!
Opposite N. P. R. R. Depot, Bismarck.

HOT AND COLD BATHS!

HAIR CUTTING, SHAVING AND all other Hair-Dressing, done in the Latest Fashion
All Tonsorial Work Done in a Workmanlike Manner. 38-3m

DUNN & CO.,
DRUGGISTS.
MAIN STREET.
Bismarck, D. T.

W. H. STIMPSON,
General News Agent
AND DEALER IN
BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
NOTIONS,
FRUITS,
OF ALL KINDS,
PAPER COLLARS,
SOAPS,
CONFECTIONERY, &c.
BISMARCK, D. T.
Strangers and others will find all the latest newspapers and a full stock of goods.
W. H. STIMPSON.

CITY BAKERY.
John Yegen, Front Street, would announce to the citizens of Bismarck that he is prepared to fill orders for cakes pies or fancy pastry on short notice guaranteeing satisfaction with reasonable charges. Fine light bread ten cents a loaf or four loaves for twenty-five cents.
20 3m

AUERBACH, FINCH & SHEFFER
JOBBERS OF
Dry Goods and Notions
114, 116 and 119 Third Street,
ST. PAUL, - - MINNESOTA.

J. A. McLEAN,
General Supply Store,
AND DEALER IN
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
Boots and Shoes, Yankee Notions, Provisions, &c., &c., Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c.
FRESH VEGETABLES.
Groceries, Flour, Feed, Canned and Dried Fruits kept constantly on hand. Give him a call at his new and nicely fitted up Store, on Main St., Bismarck, D. T.
1-47

P. Beaupre. P. H. Kelly
Beaupre & Kelly,
Wholesale Grocers,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ECKFORD & RYAN
Merchant Tailors
DEALERS IN
Ready Made Clothing
AND
Gents' Furnishing Goods.
Military work a specialty.
Main Street, Bismarck, D. T. 1-48

BISMARCK and FT. BUFORD STAGE LINE.
The Bismarck and Fort Buford U. S. Mail and Stage line will run as follows:—GOING SOUTH: Leave Fort Buford at 6:00 a. m., Mondays. Leave Fort Stevenson at 6:00 a. m., Fridays, arriving at Bismarck on Sunday evening. GOING NORTH: Leave Bismarck at 6:00 a. m., Mondays. Leave Fort Stevenson at 6:00 a. m., Wednesdays, arriving at Fort Buford on Sunday evening. Passenger and express matter carried on reasonable terms. Transportation can be secured on application to Geo. Sparks, Fort Buford; Major Sperry, Fort Berthold; Geo. Rude, Fort Stevenson, or Mann & Merry, Bismarck.
J. S. MANN,
L. MERRY
8-4md

IMPERFECT PAGE